

The Evening World

Published daily except Sundays by the Evening World Publishing Co., Inc., 11 West Street, New York.
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 10, 1905, under Post Office No. 100, New York, N. Y., and for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.
 POSTMASTER: This publication is published weekly except on Sundays and public holidays.
 VOLUME 54, NO. 19,768

TOO NARROW.

THERE is every indication that labor is deeply dissatisfied with the proposed State Constitution. Delegates representing 400,000 members of the State Federation of Labor declare themselves opposed to important provisions in the document and anxious for its defeat.

Nor is their attitude surprising. Never was public instrument less popular, less representative. The Evening World has shown by an examination of the new constitution and of the men and conditions that produced it how far it misses being in touch with the people whose needs and interests it should have met.

Corporation lawyers framed it, or most of it. All through it run devices threads of legal compromise and caution which when followed lead usually to some careful shielding of vested interests. It is a constitution which says little to the business man, to the taxpayer, or to the wage-earner. For the average voter, to read it is to feel that elaborate and expensive machinery is to be set up for somebody's benefit—without the least certainty that the benefit is to be his. Rascally lawyers and super-politicians may admire it as a masterpiece of compromise. It leaves the ordinary citizen cold.

Remembering that the Constitutional Convention threw out more than seven-eighths of the recommendations submitted by the State Federation of Labor, it is not to be wondered that the unions hump the few good things in the document with the bad ones and declare against it. The labor vote is not the only vote that shows signs of peering next month that the Constitution makers cut their work too narrow to fit the State.

RANDOM-FIRE TAXATION.

THE first twenty persons who swore off personal tax assessments yesterday cut down a total assessment of \$360,000 to \$7,600.

If the melting went on at the same rate there would be left out of the new \$3,700,000,000 "tentative" personal tax valuation only \$78,000,000, less than a quarter of the total at which personal property is assessed this year. The melting ratio will doubtless vary, but the absurdity of the method is sufficiently clear.

Old directories, club lists and guesswork supply the data on the strength of which New York challenges its citizens with preposterous figures as to the value of their possessions! It piles hit or miss assessments often on persons who have died or left the city years before, and hopes that out of the confusion something will "come in." If a concern of four partners is rated at \$400,000 it assesses each partner, young or old, at \$100,000 and lets it go at that!

The whole system is random, undignified, demoralizing. Taxpayers should feel that taxes are a carefully distributed and equitable burden, at least in purpose. It seems to be the idea of the city's Tax Department to make taxation a sort of desperate raid on property owners, caring not how or where assessments fall so long as they hit.

If this sort of thing goes on there will soon be a serious exodus of business men and other law-abiding, justice-loving individuals from the City of New York.

BETRAYED.

IT MAY well be that when the facts are known the world will feel profound pity for Bulgaria. By Bulgaria we mean the Bulgarian people, not the Bulgarian Government.

Russia in her ultimatum was careful to make the distinction. Only as the representative of King Ferdinand is the Bulgarian Minister persona non grata in Petrograd. As a Bulgarian he is welcome to remain as long as he likes.

It becomes more and more clear that Ferdinand and his advisers have bargained with the Teutonic allies over the heads of the Bulgars. The reported appearance of Field Marshal von Mackensen with 200,000 troops on the Serbian frontier suggests the nature of the deal. The Austro-German forces are looking for an easy road to Constantinople. That Ferdinand can supply—for what consideration is a matter that lies between him and the Kaiser.

The Bulgarian Government can deny German influence until it is black in the face. No one believes that German officers are in Bulgaria for their health. Nor has the Bulgarian Cabinet in any way proved that it has the support of the people. In fact, Bulgaria in its present position looks more than ever like a nation betrayed by its rulers. Centuries of Turkish oppression have not left Bulgarians in a mood to forget their hard-won independence and range themselves with the allies of Constantinople.

King Ferdinand has played his game with scant regard to his subjects. If the cards go against him he seems pretty sure to lose his crown. Russia and her allies would feel they were doing the Bulgarian people the highest service in shelving this Teutonized monarch.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

When a man has failed as a creator he can still hope to make good as a critic.

 You can always flatter children, some of whom are grown up.—Albany Journal.

 If a man was only as careful of his hat and clothes at the end of a month as he is at the end of the first day he would always look well dressed.—Pittsburgh Sun.

 When nobody is about to get married a woman, especially if she is an old maid, can always derive considerable satisfaction from discussing somebody's recent operation.—Columbia State.

 There is always trouble with the machinery when the tongue is geared to run faster than the mind.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

 When a man offers to let you in on a good thing don't forget that it's his good thing.—Albany Journal.

 Neighbors will listen to the gossip of neighbors sooner than to their troubles.—Deseret News.

Letters From the People

National Guard Queries.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Will some militia expert give me the information as to how and where I can best make inquiries in regards to joining the New York National Guard in Brooklyn? Also, is it better to join the cavalry or the artillery division?
 Sincerely,
 J. J. J.

Information Wanted.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Can some one please let me know how to clean and wash a black silk dress and obliging?
 Sincerely,
 M. J. J.

precitated and may interest many others.
 MARTIN.

Beating the Personal Tax

By J. H. Cassel



So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen.

WE move to expunge: "Impeccable evening dress."

In the case of a two-man mix we always have a little private bet on the fellow who doesn't ask anybody to hold his coat.

You never quite achieve the Apex of Asininity until you attempt to arbitrate the irreconcilable differences between a cranky elderly husband and his gay, indifferent wife.

It's queer how affronted some of us are when our wives merely smile wanly instead of laughing vociferously every time we retell them the whickered old stories we've been pulling on them since 1887.

We may be spineless and all that, but nobody has ever succeeded in herding us into a corner and telling us his or her "inner thoughts."

Nine times out of ten, after you've taken the salesman's word for it that the new hat you've picked is becoming, your wife is there with a "knock" for the lid the minute you walk into the house with it on.

We've met a lot of chaps who are commonly advertised to as "born leaders of men," and we've found that the great majority of them are just bullies with a certain veneer.

We often wonder what little nine-year-old girl is the choreographer of the sprawling, unformed, difficult-to-read and often misspelled notes that appear on the screens in the photo-plays.

Maybe we're all wrong, but we never see a short husband with a tall wife that we don't wonder just how many times in the course of their married life she has called him an insignificant little shrimp.

It's surprising how the woman you've been supping to be stately can become just stodgy by the mere process of stepping out of her high-heeled shoes.

Some of us entertain the naive idea that, after hectoring and bullying—giving our wives all over the place about a month at a stretch, we can square the whole thing up by being "kind" to them for about an hour and a half.

Maybe you've noticed that when a woman, after washing her hair, sits in a sunny window to dry it, she always has a lot of hair. Nobody seems to know where they dry it when they've got only a little wispy knob left.

We know a Carey coot whose method of making a hit with 'em is always to agree with 'em when they say the old stuff about men being valuer than women, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, etc.

It's the woman who has more money than she can spend who

doesn't care a darn how late into October she wears her summer straw hat.

The Servant Problem: How to get the dinner dishes swabbed in time to make the movies.

Foolish Habits

By Andre Dupont

No. 1.—The Kimono Habit.

THE kimono habit has broken up many happy homes. Once let it get its clutch on a woman and she loses all proper pride in her appearance at the breakfast table.

It is difficult sometimes to look neat and trim, and it is perilously easy to slip on a kimono. If the children "get out of bed the wrong way" and the baker forgets to deliver the rolls and the milkman hasn't come and the father of the family mislays his collar button and upsets everything hunting for it, it is certainly hard for the mother to resist just grabbing up a kimono and trying to straighten things out.

But even in such an awful state of affairs as this, which fortunately does not happen every day, it will take scarcely a moment longer to throw on one of those convenient house dresses that one can buy almost anywhere for little more than a dollar, and looks neat and trim.

Every woman, and especially every young married woman, owes it to herself to be neat and attractive looking at the breakfast table. Which would make a young husband the more devoted, to carry downtown with him the image of his wife eating the morning meal in a sloppy kimono with her hair carelessly twisted up "any old way," or the recollection of the same young woman neatly dressed and looking as fresh and sweet as the morning itself?

I don't think it would take the average man very long to decide which picture he would prefer. It's all very well to quote the old saying about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach—far be it from me to declare its fallacy!—but experience (my own, as well as other people's) has taught me that if a woman wants to keep a man attentive she must please his eye as well as his stomach.

It is not always the busiest woman, by any means, who is addicted to the kimono habit. For we all know that the hardest worked people somehow seem to find time for neatness and order. More often it is the woman who does little besides amuse herself. She has, perhaps, a good maid and a pretty home, but she was out late at the theatre the night before and so feels too lazy to dress herself properly in the morning. The kimono is perfectly correct and a great convenience in its proper place—as a bath wrap or lounging robe—but it was never intended to make its appearance at the breakfast table or to be worn outside the seclusion of one's own bedroom.

There is nothing in the least slatternly about the kimono in the land of its birth. In Japan it is both a picturesque and appropriate costume. As the little woman of the "Flowery Kingdom" wears it, snugly belted in by her broad sash or "obi" and with her coiffure so immaculately arranged that not a hair is out of place, it is the neatest of garments. But it is not at all suitable for the American breakfast table.

The Self-Made Old Maid.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

AM an old maid. I am what they term self-made. Also I am a plain woman. I am thirty years old and I admit it.

These are the words of one of the

most successful business women in her line. I might also say she is a contented woman, for she seems to get much out of life. She tells why, as follows:

"Yesterday I was appointed to the highest position in the concern for which I work, at a salary of \$8,000 per year. Had I not been a plain woman this might not have come about. The daughters of Venus in the immediate curriculum of commerce—trade—business—are few. I did not take up business as a make-shift until some man might ask me to marry him. I took it up as a life work, and if he had come along well and good, I am practically the product of these progressive times, when woman does not choose marriage as the only honorable course to pursue."

"There are many women like me in the realm of business, adding our daily share toward keeping the wheels of commerce on the move. Perhaps had we married we would not be nearly so happy."

"I started out by saying I had not been a plain woman my success would not have been so steady, so sure. Here in the office, one by one, I see the pretty ones come in and go."

"One I remember well. Her name was Daisy and she exemplified her flower-like namesake. For her daily catechism between the keys of the typewriter was, 'He loves me, he loves me not.' When the last petal in her count was summed up, she was safely ensconced as a bride in a Harlem flat to live on fifteen per—much as she had had for her sole use before. But that is the way of love."

"Also as a general thing her kind is always busy stretching a dollar so far to make ends meet that it will be long, long before it will roll over. I used to see them one by one go out to their prospective paradises. Did I feel badly? Only for a moment. For only the day before the new place was awarded to me my employer said:

"You have proven worth while to us. You have occupied every position in the place. We know we can rely on you, and here is another step for you. You have truly been the fittest in the survival."

"And later when I overheard him say to his partner, 'She is just the right woman. There is no foolishness about her, and she is just the one for the place.' I could not but know that it was me he was talking about. And am I satisfied? I may answer in all truth that as far as any one may be satisfied in the scheme of things I am."

"If I am not a beautiful woman with all beauty's attending joys and heartaches, I go steadily on, on, knowing that I am responsible for my newest tailored suit and there is no one to ask how much I pay for my hats, shoes, gloves, etc., and when I put aside a certain sum for a vacation there is no one to say me nay."

"I meet my friends in jolly good-fellowship and they do not in this twentieth century view of things look at me as the spinster lady of yore, whose sardonic leer of her ways was

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

WHEN a man begins telling you that his love for you is his "Religion," look out for a change of faith.

A woman's voice, like an actor's salaried, appear to be three in number: her telephone voice, her before-Christmas voice and her "Are-you-going-to-get-up-this-morning-for-breakfast?" voice.

When a man spends his nights painting the town, his wife usually has to spend her days whitewashing what is left of his reputation.

After you are married to one of them, somehow, you lose all that broad-minded tendency toward "the community ownership" of husbands with which you once may have listened to the sad stories of other women's spouses.

It doesn't matter how bad your aim, if you throw bouquets at a man they will always hit the right spot.

When a wife discovers that her husband's flirtations rouse nothing in her but a mild wonder as to why any woman should waste time on him it is time to pack up the wedding presents and buy the ticket for Reno.

Many a man vows he would "cut off his right hand" for a woman, when if it came to show-down, he wouldn't even cut off his mustache for her without a struggle.

The Beauty Doctor is the delivering angel who massages away your past, brightens up your present and insures you a rosy future at so much per bottle.

In most men's careers "the straw that breaks the camel's back" appears to be the kind they put in a rickety glass.

Jewelled Churches of Petrograd

CHURCHES in the City of Peter the Great, which we now call Petrograd, are the most splendid of all modern churches in the world.

There is a curious contrast between their wonderful costliness and their modernness, for Russians show their creed in gold and precious gems.

St. Isaac Cathedral is a large mass of gloomy vastness, but within this gloom lies untold wealth. From its magnificent dome the whole city can be seen stretching out before the eye.

Each step of this church is made of a single stone, the pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli. The beauty of this church cannot be compared with any church in the Western world, for it surpasses them all.

The Cathedral of the Lady of Kazan is another wonder of this place, where the name of the Almighty blazes forth forever in diamonds, where half a ton of silver shows the outburst of Cossack piety. Within this church pearls and sapphires are used in the decoration and building of religious structures than in almost anything else.

Wealth in Russia shows itself more in evidence in the decoration and building of religious structures than in almost anything else.

Any reason at all seems a good reason in Russia to build a church. The moment one is found, a public subscription is started and the church begun. It soon becomes a place of beauty, if gold and gems can make it so.

Where Alexander II. fell, there has risen a new church, whose wonder and richness is evident in the blue and gold cupolas. These are visible throughout the entire city of Petrograd.

In its centre are the very paving stones on which Alexander fell and the soil about them is stained with his blood. It was perfectly natural to the Russians to build such a solid, solemn and costly memorial to him, but they also built a tiny chapel on the Nevski, simply to fill up an empty space where the public market had once stood. When it was burned down a subscription was immediately started, and this tiny chapel built, and it is here that so many passers-by stop for meditation and devotion with their number of their interferences with the traffic of this thoroughfare.

There is one church that by comparison looks plain and simple and decidedly unpretentious, but this one is rich in associations.

A spire like a needle rises almost from the Nova. Here you will see dumplings behind and the water in front. This church and the dungeons are both dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul.

The prison is a dark, dull, silent place. No whisper has ever penetrated its walls, no secret has ever escaped from it. No one has a word to say about it. The church is open and free to all. Here you may gaze upon all the mouldering flags of conquered enemies and all the rusting keys of surrendered towns, of past glorious victories.

Without this church are long rows of marble tombs, each under the name of a noble family. Here for all time all the Tears of Russia are gathered, came a nation. The most important tomb is that of Peter the Great. He was who designated the whole town and everything within it, whose glory is forever perpetuated in the name of St. Petersburg, or Petrograd.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

poorer sections of the cities and often would appear in the more prosperous quarters.

"These diseases are transmitted by the laundry," was my conclusion. "Here is my opportunity to get the whole community behind our product."

"I obtained interviews from local physicians supporting my theory, then published them in our advertising space. Nothing further was needed. The newspapers began to devote editorials to the question; women's clubs conducted independent investigations; as applied to the family laundry, became a burning issue. And our advertising was, framed to profit by all this publicity.

Have Your Washing Done at Home and Safeguard Your Family's Health.

The Excellent Washing Machine Makes the Task Easy.

"Arguments along these lines brought me a large number of orders. Families purchased our machines. Our campaign was an unqualified success. Merely a case of a falling to success on the stream of public sentiment. I am convinced that many similar opportunities are awaiting development by dealers in other commodities."

Jungle Tales for Children

ONE hot afternoon Jimmy Monkey sat under the bamboo tree wondering what to do next, when along came the Baby Baboon, and Jimmy thought of a question to ask him.

"How did you come to be called a 'baboon'?" asked Jimmy of his companion.

"I will tell you," answered the little fellow, sitting down. "A very long time ago, about ten minutes before yesterday."

"How long ago is that?" asked Jimmy.

"I have never been to the right place. I go steadily on, on, knowing that I am responsible for my newest tailored suit and there is no one to ask how much I pay for my hats, shoes, gloves, etc., and when I put aside a certain sum for a vacation there is no one to say me nay."

"I meet my friends in jolly good-fellowship and they do not in this twentieth century view of things look at me as the spinster lady of yore, whose sardonic leer of her ways was

only married by an occasional peep at her lavender and old lace in which she had first seen her and soon after had departed.

"Has no one come my way, you ask? And have I not heard the magic words, 'Will you be my wife?' Yes, I have. What woman hasn't, be she ever so plain? But I know he did not quite measure up to my standards, and I hesitated to put my trust in one man and find he wasn't the right one. And as he has developed for me, it would have come to pass that she who hesitates is loosed."

"On the contrary, 1915 spinster, make me worth while."